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## MISCELLANY.

From the Philadelphia Album.  
RESURRECTION HYMN.

By MISS WINTERBURN.  
"Tis he! 'tis he! the Son of God  
Ascending to his bright abode,  
From the dark regions of the tomb,  
Clothed with the light of living bloom,  
Whist brightest beams the darkness ending  
With glorious hosts around him bending;  
Angels and seraphs hovering near—  
All hail the mighty Conqueror!

"Tis he! eternal heavens ring out with joy,  
And saints their sweetest strains employ,  
Millions of beings shout his fame,  
And with their golden harps proclaim  
The wonders of Emmanuel's name!  
But hark! methinks I heard a low—  
A trembling note from Earth below,  
And, commingling high  
With the pure anthem of the sky,  
Swells upwards to a joyful song,  
Which deathless ages shall prolong.

"Tis he! 'tis he! that blessed band  
Redeemed from sin and sorrows land,  
The price of blood—the chosen few,  
Who pass the fiery furnace through,  
And keep the Saviour's light in view—  
His blood is on the path they tread,  
His body is their living bread—  
His smiles illumine their lonely way,  
And guide them to the courts of day.  
Hail to the Lamb of God! all hail!  
O'er arch angels tell the tale  
Of living love, through the vast sky,  
And let the wondrous earth reply—  
"O'er the tale with stars engraved  
Of living love and sinners saved."

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.  
THE TIGER'S CAVE.

An adventure among the mountains of Quito  
(Translated from the Danish of Elmquist, and the German of Doring,  
by one of the Authors of the 'Old  
Volume, Tales and Legends,' &c.)

On leaving the Indian village we  
continued to wind round Chimborazo's  
wide base; but its snow-crowned  
head no longer shone above us in  
clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was  
gathering gradually around it. Our  
guides looked anxiously towards it,  
and announced their apprehensions  
of a violent storm. We soon found  
that their fears were well founded.  
The fog rapidly covered and obscured  
the whole of the mountain; the  
atmosphere was suffocating, and  
yet so humid that the steel work of  
our watches was covered with rust,  
and the watches stopt. The river,  
beside which we were travelling,  
rushed down with still greater im-  
petuosity; and from the clefts of the  
rocks which lay on the left our path,  
were suddenly precipitated small ri-  
vulets, that bore the roots of trees,  
and innumerable serpents along with  
them. These rivulets often come  
down so suddenly and violently that  
we had great difficulty in preserving  
our footing. The thunder at length  
began to roll, and resounded through  
the mountainous passes with the most  
terrible grandeur. Then came the  
vivid lightning—flash following flash—  
above, around, beneath—every  
where a sea of fire. We sought a  
momentary shelter in a cleft of the  
rocks, whilst one of our guides hast-  
ened forward to seek a more secure  
asylum. In a short time he return-  
ed and informed us that he had dis-  
covered a spacious cavern, which  
would afford us sufficient protection  
from the elements. We proceeded  
thither immediately, and with great  
difficulty and not a little danger at  
last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm  
continued with so much violence,  
that we could not hear the sound of  
our own voices. I had placed myself  
near the entrance of the cave, and  
could observe, through the opening,  
which was straight and narrow, the  
singular scene without. The highest  
cedar trees were struck down, or bent  
like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay  
strewn upon the ground, killed by  
the falling branches; the water had  
collected in the path we had just  
passed, and hurried along like a  
mountain stream. From every thing  
I saw I thought it extremely prob-  
able that we should be obliged to pass  
some days in this cavern. When the  
storm, however, had somewhat abated,  
our guides ventured out in order  
to ascertain if it were possible to con-  
tinue our journey. The cave in  
which we had taken refuge was so  
extremely dark that if we moved a  
few paces from the entrance we could

not see an inch before us; and we  
were debating as to the propriety of  
leaving it even before the Indians  
came back, when we suddenly heard  
a singular groaning or growling at  
the further end of the cavern, which  
instantly fixed all our attention.—  
Wharton and myself listened anx-  
iously; but our daring and inconsid-  
erate young friend Lincoln, together  
with my huntsman, crept upon their  
hands and knees and endeavoured to  
discover, by groping, from whence  
the sound proceeded. They had not  
advanced far into the cavern before  
we heard them utter an exclamation  
of surprise; and they returned to us,  
each carrying in his arms an animal  
singularly marked, and about the  
size of a cat, seemingly of great  
strength and power, and furnished  
with immense fangs. Their eyes  
were of a green colour; strong claws  
were upon their feet, and a blood red  
tongue hung out of their mouths.  
Wharton had scarcely glanced at  
them when he exclaimed in conster-  
nation—"Good God! we have come  
into a den of a!"—He was interrupted  
by a fearful cry of dismay from our  
guides, who came rushing precipi-  
tately towards us, calling out, "A tiger!  
a tiger!" and at the same time,  
with extraordinary rapidity, they  
climbed up a cedar tree which stood  
at the entrance of the cave, and hid  
themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror  
and surprise, which rendered me  
motionless for a moment, had sub-  
sided, I grasped my fire arms. Whar-  
ton had already regained his com-  
posure and self possession; and he called  
us to assist him instantly in blocking  
up the mouth of the cave with an im-  
mense stone which fortunately lay near  
it. The sense of approaching danger  
augmented our strength; for we now  
distinctly heard the growl of the fer-  
ocious animal, and we were lost be-  
hind redemption if it reached the  
entrance before we could get it closed.  
Ere this was done, we could  
distinctly see the tiger bounding to-  
wards the spot, & stooping in order to  
creep into his den by the narrow o-  
pening. At this fearful moment our  
exertions were successful, and the  
great stone kept the wild beast at  
bay. There was a small open space,  
however, left between the top of the  
entrance and stone, through which  
we could see the head of the animal,  
illuminated by its glowing eyes, which  
it rolled, glaring with fury upon us.  
Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated  
to the depths of the cavern, and was  
answered by the hoarse growlings of  
the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank  
had now tossed from them. Our  
ferocious enemy attempted first to re-  
move the stone with his powerful  
claws, and then to push it with his  
head from its place; and these efforts  
proving abortive, served only to in-  
crease his wrath. He uttered a tre-  
mendous heart piercing howl, and  
his flaming eyes darted light into the  
darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him,"  
said Wharton, with his usual calm-  
ness, "aim at his eyes; the ball will  
go through his brain, and we shall  
then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double barrelled  
gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The  
former placed the muzzle within a  
few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln  
did the same. At Wharton's com-  
mand, they both drew the triggers at  
the same moment, but no shot follow-  
ed. The tiger, who seemed aware  
that the flash indicated an attack upon  
him, sprang growling from the en-  
trance, but, feeling himself unhurt,  
immediately turned back again, and  
stationed himself in his former place.  
The powder in both pieces was wet;  
they therefore proceeded to draw the  
useless loading, whilst Wharton and  
myself hastened to seek our powder  
flask. It was so extremely dark, that  
we were obliged to grope about the  
cave; and at last coming in contact  
with the cubs, we heard a rustling  
noise, as if they were playing with  
some metal substance, which we soon  
discovered was the canister we were  
looking for. Most unfortunately,  
however, the animals had pushed off  
the lid with their claws, and the  
powder had been strewn over the  
damp earth, and rendered entirely  
useless. This horrible discovery ex-  
cited the greatest consternation.

"All is now over," said Wharton;  
"we have only now to choose wheth-  
er we shall die of hunger, together  
with these animals who are shut up  
along with us, or open the entrance

to the blood-thirsty monster without,  
and so make a quick end of the mat-  
ter."

"So saying, he placed himself close  
beside the stone which, for the mo-  
ment, defended us, and looked un-  
dauntedly upon the lightening eyes  
of the tiger: Lincoln raved and swore;  
and Frank took a piece of strong  
cord from his pocket, and hastened  
to the farther end of the cave—I  
know not with what design. We  
soon, however, heard a low, stifled  
groaning; and the tiger, who had  
heard it also, became more restless  
and disturbed than ever! He went  
backwards and forwards, before the  
entrance of the cave in the most wild  
and impetuous manner—then stood  
still, and stretching out his neck in  
the direction of the forest, broke  
forth into a deafening howl. Our  
two Indian guides took advantage of  
this opportunity to discharge sev-  
eral arrows from the tree. He was  
struck more than once; but the light  
weapons bounded harmlessly from  
his thick skin. At length, however,  
one of them struck him near the eye  
and the arrow remained sticking in  
the wound. He now broke anew in-  
to the wildest fury, sprang at the  
tree, and tore it with his claws, as if  
he would have dragged it to the  
ground. But having at length suc-  
ceeded in getting rid of the arrow,  
he became more calm, and laid him-  
self down as before in the front of  
the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower  
end of the den, and a glance show-  
ed us what he had been doing. In  
each hand, and dangling from the  
end of a string, were the two cubs.  
He had strangled them; and before  
we were aware what he intended, he  
threw them through the opening to  
the tiger. No sooner did the animal  
perceive them, than he gazed earnest-  
ly upon them, and began to examine  
them closely, turning them cautious-  
ly from side to side. As soon as he  
became aware that they were dead,  
he uttered so piercing a howl of sor-  
row, that we were obliged to put our  
hands to our ears. When I upbraided  
my huntsman for the cruel act he had  
committed, I perceived by his blunt  
and abrupt answers, that he also had  
lost all hope of rescue from our im-  
pending fate, and that, under these  
circumstances, the ties between mas-  
ter and servant were dissolved. For  
my own part, without knowing why,  
I could not help believing that some  
unexpected assistance would yet re-  
scue us from so horrible a fate. Alas!  
I little anticipated the sacrifice that  
my rescue was to cost.

The thunder had now ceased, and  
the storm had sunk to a gentle gale;  
the songs of birds were again heard  
in the neighboring forest, and sun  
beams sparkled in the drops that  
hung from the leaves. We saw  
through the aperture how all nature  
was reviving after the wild war of  
elements which had so recently taken  
place; but the contrast only made our  
situation the more horrible. We  
were in a grave from whence there  
was no deliverance, and a monster,  
worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept  
watch over us. The tiger had laid  
himself down beside his prey. He  
was a beautiful animal, of great size  
and strength, and his limbs being  
stretched out at their full length, dis-  
played his immense power of muscle.  
A double row of great teeth stood  
far enough apart to show his large tongue  
from which the white foam fell in  
large drops. All at once another  
was heard at a distance, and the tiger  
immediately rose and answered it  
with a mournful howl. At the same  
instant our Indians uttered a shriek,  
which announced that some new  
danger threatened us. A few mo-  
ments confirmed our worst fears, for  
another tiger, not quite so large as  
the former, came rapidly towards the  
spot where we were.

This enemy will prove more cruel  
than the other, said Wharton; for this  
is the female, and she knows no pity  
for those who deprive her of her  
young.

The howls which the tigress gave,  
when she had examined the bodies  
of her cubs, surpassed every thing  
of horrible that we had yet heard;  
and the tiger mingled his mournful  
cries with her's. Suddenly her roar-  
ing was lowered to a hoarse growling  
and we saw her anxiously stretch out  
her head, extend her wide smoking  
nostrils, and looked as if she were  
determined to discover immediately  
the murderers of her young. Her

eyes quickly fell upon us and she  
made a spring forward with the in-  
tention of penetrating to our place of  
refuge. Perhaps she might have been  
enabled, by her immense strength to  
push away the stone, had we not,  
with all our united power, held it  
against her. When she found that  
all her efforts were fruitless; she ap-  
proached the tiger, who lay stretched  
out beside her cubs, and he rose and  
joined her hollow roaring. They  
stood together for a few moments, as  
if in consultation and then suddenly  
went off at a rapid pace, and disap-  
peared from our sight. Their howl-  
ing died away in the distance, and  
then entirely ceased. We now began  
to entertain better hopes of our con-  
dition; but Wharton shook his head.  
Do not flatter yourself, said he, with  
the belief that these animals will let  
us escape out of their sight till they  
have had their revenge. The hours  
we have to live are numbered.

Nevertheless there still appeared a  
chance for our rescue, we saw both  
our Indians standing before the en-  
trance, and hear them call to us to  
seize the only possibility of our yet  
saving ourselves by instant flight,  
for that the tigers had only gone  
round the height to seek another in-  
let to the cave, with which they  
were no doubt acquainted. In the  
greatest haste the stone was pushed  
aside, and we stepped forth from  
what we had considered a living  
grave. Wharton was the last who  
left it, he was unwilling to loose his  
double-barrelled gun, and stopped to  
take it up; the rest of us thought on-  
ly of making our escape. We now  
heard once more the roaring of the  
tigers, though at a distance and, fol-  
lowing the example of our guides,  
we precipitately struck into a side  
path. From the number of roots and  
branches of trees with which the  
storm had strewn our way, and the  
slipperiness of the roads, our flight  
was slow and difficult. Wharton,  
though an active seaman, had a heavy  
step, and had great difficulty in  
keeping place with us and we were  
often obliged to slacken our own on  
his account.

We had proceeded thus for about  
a quarter of an hour, when we found  
that our way led along the edge of  
a rocky cliff, with innumerable fis-  
sures. We had just entered upon it,  
when suddenly the Indians who were  
before us, uttered one of their pierc-  
ing shrieks, and we immediately  
became aware that the tigers were in  
pursuit of us. Urged by despair,  
we rushed towards one of the breaks,  
or gulfs, in our way over which was  
thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang  
up and down at every step, and could  
be trode with safety by the light foot  
of the Indians alone. Deep in the  
hollow below rushed an impetuous  
stream, and a thousand pointed jag-  
ged rocks threatening destruction on  
every side. Lincoln my huntsman,  
and myself, passed over the chasm  
in safety; but Wharton was still in  
the middle of the waving bridge; and  
endeavouring to steady himself when  
both the tigers, were seen to issue  
from the adjoining forest; and the  
moment they descried us, they bound-  
ed towards us with dreadful roar-  
ing.—Meanwhile, Wharton had near-  
ly gained the safe side of the gulf,  
and we were all clambering up the  
rocky cliff except Lincoln, who re-  
mained at the ready bridge to assist  
his friend to step upon firm ground.  
Wharton, though the ferocious ani-  
mals were close upon him never lost  
courage or presence of mind.—As  
soon as he had gained the edge of  
the cliff, he knelt down, and with his  
sword divided the fastening by which  
the bridge was attached to the rock.  
He expected that an effectual barrier  
would thus be put to the farther pro-  
gress of our pursuers, for he had  
scarcely accomplished his task, when  
the tigress, without a moment's pause  
rushed towards it. It was a fearful  
sight to see the mighty animal sus-  
pended for a moment, in the air, a-  
bove the abyss, but the scene passed  
like a flash of lightning. Her strength  
was not equal to the distance: she  
fell into the gulf; and before she re-  
ached the bottom, she was torn into  
a thousand pieces by the jagged points  
of the rocks. Her fate did not in the  
least dismay her companion; he fol-  
lowed her with an immense spring  
and reached the opposite side, but  
only with his four claws, and thus he  
clung to the edge of the precipice,  
endeavouring to gain a footing. The  
Indians again uttered a wild shriek,

as if all hope had been lost. But  
Wharton, who was nearest the edge  
of the rock, advanced courageously  
towards the tiger and struck his  
sword into the animal's breast. En-  
raged beyond all measure, the wild  
beast collected all his strength, and  
with a violent effort, fixing one of  
his hind legs upon the edge of the  
cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh.  
That heroic man still preserved his  
fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a  
tree with his left hand, to steady and  
support himself while with his right  
he wrenched, and violently turned  
the sword that was still in the breast  
of the tiger. All this was the work  
of an instant. The Indians, Frank  
and myself hastened to his assistance;  
but Lincoln, who was, already at  
his side, had seized Wharton's gun,  
which lay near upon the ground, and  
struck so powerful a blow with the  
butt end upon the head of the tiger,  
that the animal stunned and over-  
powered, let go his hold, and fell  
back into the abyss.—All would have  
been well had it ended thus; but the  
unfortunate Lincoln had not calculat-  
ed upon the force of his blow—he  
staggered forward, reeled upon the  
edge of the precipice, extended his  
hand, to seize upon anything to save  
himself but in vain. His foot slip-  
ped; for an instant they hovered o-  
ver the gulf and was plunged into it  
to rise no more!

From the United States Gazette.

Philosophy of Woman's Religion.

A SKETCH.

He who salutes every passenger,  
may sometimes receive an uncivil  
answer; he who returns no salutation,  
or intimates an unwillingness to ex-  
change civilities, might incur the  
risk of being marked down for a  
churl. In the way of errors, it is  
better to be passive than active; so  
I find a kindly look for all who pass  
me, beyond the precincts of the city.  
It costs, indeed, an occasional pen-  
cenny extraordinary for a mendici-  
ant; but the "God bless you" of a  
human being, must surely have lost  
its value, if it will not pass in ex-  
change for so small a sum.

Enjoying the prime of the day in  
September last, about two miles from  
the city, I chanced to meet the  
"good morning" of a man with a  
cordiality that evidently gained me  
a favourable estimation with him;  
and as his occupation was before  
him, and mine was unknown, I put  
ceremony aside at once, by asking  
information upon subjects connected  
with a farm which it seemed he was  
cultivating. While he was enlarg-  
ing upon a topic that was evidently  
pleasing to him, though I must con-  
fess it had little interest for me, be-  
yond the pleasure of witnessing his  
animation, his wife came to the door  
with an infant in her arms. I may  
have done her wrong in neglect; but  
the child possessed attractions super-  
ior to its parents at that moment;  
and, as if conscious of my feelings,  
the nursing stretched out its hands,  
and evinced a desire to approach me.  
I learned that it was an only son—  
the last of five, affections that had  
expanded over all others, had settled  
with intensity upon this—it was  
worth all a parent's love; I gazed  
long upon its perfect features, the  
soft blue eyes and full, dark lashes;  
and as I pressed my lips upon its  
face, the balmy fragrance of its  
breath was redolent of health. I had  
won upon the mother's esteem, by  
my attention to her boy; but a tear  
that fell from my eye, warm upon  
the infant's breast, showed her that  
while I joyed with her in the living,  
I could in deep affliction sympathise  
with her for the dead.

I know not how it was, but for  
some time there was scarcely a morn-  
ing that I did not pass the house in  
my ride, and the boy, though not a  
year old, had learn to expect me.—  
Let those who have not a fondness  
for children, pass on the other side  
of the way—there is enough in life  
with which to amuse themselves; I  
neither envy them their capacities  
for other enjoyments, nor would give  
one of that infant's smiles of recogni-  
tion for all their fancied pleasure.

The equinoctial rains made sad  
work with my calculations of riding,  
and it was not until the weather be-  
came settled that I was enabled to  
renew my wonted excursions. It  
was about three o'clock P. M. that  
I approached the dwelling of my  
new acquaintance; and as its low  
roof met my sight, the thought oc-

curred, whether my little blue eyed  
friend would, after a lapse of two  
weeks recognize his former acquaint-  
ance. I confess that as I moved to-  
wards him, some little anxiety was  
experienced that he should give evi-  
dence of pleasure at my return. I  
had furnished my pocket with some  
trifles for him, and anticipated his  
pleasure at the reception; the deli-  
ght with which he would reach  
forward to catch them, and the pleas-  
ure that would dance in his eye or  
play round his mouth, as he received  
the tokens of my affection. His mo-  
ther, too, had ever shone so much  
gratification at my fondness for her  
boy, that I promised myself pleasure  
in her delight.

Pursuing these anticipations, I ar-  
rived, by a short turn in the road,  
directly in front of the dwelling,  
without discovering a member of the  
family. The stopping of the horse in  
front of the house, I thought  
would soon bring some one to the  
door. I waited several minutes—no  
one appeared.—The family might be  
absent, or perhaps sick; the last  
thought determined me; so dis-  
mounting I opened the wicket gate  
and proceeded under an arbour of  
grape vines to the house. The front  
door was open, and I entered. The  
parlour was vacant; as I was crossing  
it I saw the door of a side room open-  
ed; I turned towards it; and the  
cause of the unwonted silence of the  
habitation was before me. On a  
table against the wall of the room  
rested a coffin. With a single step  
I was at its side; I looked in; it  
contained the inanimate form of my  
little favourite. For a moment I  
turned away in the agony of disap-  
pointment; I looked again—it was  
too true; and my hopes childish al-  
most as those I had excited in him,  
lay blighted. As I gazed upon the  
cold remains before me, my feelings  
subsided, and I recovered that tone  
which the well regulated mind never  
loses. It was but to divest my-  
self of those acquired feelings con-  
cerning death, and the child that lay  
before me, was as lovely and deserv-  
ing admiration as when alive. The  
beautiful glossiness of his prominent  
forehead, was set off by fine silky  
hair that stretched in a semi-circle  
towards the temples; there was a  
transparency in the skin through  
which the blue veins showed with  
wonderful distinctness; and the bud-  
ding whiteness of the teeth was dis-  
cernable between the slightly opened  
lips; his little hands were crossed be-  
low his breast—their beauty had not  
departed. But the eyes, as I gazed  
upwards, gleamed through long dark  
lashes, through their long dark lashes,  
and as the light flickered through the  
vines near the window, I sometimes  
thought that life was returning to  
animate the lovely features on which  
I gazed. I stooped to press a kiss  
upon its face—it was cold, and the  
tears that I dropped upon it, trick-  
led off as if they had fallen upon pol-  
ished marble. As I raised my head  
from the coffin, my eyes met those  
of the mother. We gazed upon the  
dead with regret for their loss; we  
look upon the inanimate corpse of an  
infant, and mourned that it is  
snatched away; we dwell with  
fondness upon its features, treasure  
the memory of its beauties, and sigh  
that we cannot longer enjoy them.  
But when we see those whom the  
bereavement has left childless stand-  
ing by us in the dignity of grief, the  
silent cause of sorrow yet stretched  
before them, we shrink almost with  
awe from their presence.

Such for a moment were my feel-  
ings.—I wished myself absent from  
the scene that was about to ensue;  
but the extended hand of the afflicted  
parent, satisfied me that retreat  
would have been cruelty or coward-  
ice. I pressed the hand of the moth-  
er in the ardour of sympathy, and  
our tears fell fast upon the snowy  
shroud of the outstretched infant.  
She leaned forward and buried her  
face with his in the narrow coffin.  
Fearing the effects of this paroxysm  
of grief upon the mother, I would  
have withdrawn her. "Let me a-  
lone," said she; "I know by whom I  
have been afflicted, and in my sor-  
row I will not sin; neither will I  
charge God foolishly." But in my  
darling's sickness, he lay night and  
day upon my knees, until he died;  
and the kind officiousness of neigh-  
bours has kept me from a solitary  
indulgence of grief until now. Let  
me then, ere they shut him out of  
my sight forever—let me once more